

BUDGET GLEANINGS.

[The following account of the Queen's Funeral, as witnessed by an old student, has been gleaned from her budget for the benefit of other Years.]

"THERE was an unusual stir and feeling of great awe and sadness and solemnity. The day itself fitted our moods too. We all came down to eight o'clock breakfast hatted and ready to start. I could hardly walk, much less sit, so enveloped was I in flannelly clothes. I felt like an animated feather mattress. Then we started off equipped, with rugs and furs and biscuits and chocolates and peppermints and flasks to keep the cold out! And wasn't it cold, too, and very useful we found the peppermints, scornful as we had been. Our seats were in Cambridge Terrace, at the corner by London Road, and the procession came down the terrace and turned up London Road to get to Paddington, so we were very well pleased. Cambridge Terrace is about three to five minutes' walk from here. We took the papers with us, and so had a great deal to occupy us. Indeed it was difficult to read with the constant passing of officials, soldiers, and so on. At last the distant boom of the gun told us the procession had started, and wonderfully orderly as the crowd had been a thrill of awe and silence seemed to take hold on each interval. It was curious and sad to hear people turn to each other and say, 'She has started.' Even then it seemed they could not realize it, although a sort of sad uneasiness seemed to be moving everyone. The minute gun boomed out nearer and inexorable; then came the head of the police, with General Trotter and four mounted police, and we knew they had come. An order rang out. The men lining the streets reversed arms, and a gasp seemed to take the throats of the throngs who were waiting. They were passing—tramp—tramp—with arms reversed and heads bent—troop after troop—then the Lancers—the Highlanders—then a break, and, coming nearer, the wailing of the band to the music of Chopin's Funeral March. I believe every person forgot themselves and how they would look to onlookers as they leaned forward, thrilled and touched and straining every nerve

in silence—a silence that gripped, and in which one could hear one's heart beat—to await her for whose sad coming they had waited so long that cold morning, and whose loss became a sudden, terrible, and sad realization. On came the sailors, the Naval Brigade; on came the Life Guards and then the bands, then picked bodyguardsmen, and then the gun-carriage itself—grand and majestic in its simplicity, simple in its grandeur, the solemnity and sadness enhanced by that grand simplicity so truly royal. I saw nothing afterwards, and I think most people were the same. My eyes only followed it till it turned the corner and then one realized. Gone—passed for ever from mortal sight, and the tears came in a blinding rush. I have a blurred memory that the German Emperor seemed much upset, and an indistinct recollection of the royalties and mourning coaches—but everything seemed to have been swallowed up in the rush of awe and sadness and sense of loss when the gun-carriage had passed from sight. I remember, too, distinctly how terribly sad and stern Lord Roberts looked (he preceded the carriage, you know). It was over, and the millions who formed the crowds moved off quietly in order, each with awed faces, each with one memory, in each face one read it, the grief and love for the dead Queen. People spoke only in awed voices of the scene they had just witnessed. We hurried home to an informal, hurried, cold lunch, made curiously brilliant by the gorgeous uniforms of the men of the party who had helped to line the streets, and then went to the memorial service. After it one felt a blank, as if the day were over, as if the world had lost something, as if, too, it had gained something grandly historical, so many things seemed over, a century, an epoch, an era, and *that* day—a day that will always be marked in our memories, I think, with a cross of mourning, and a sense of grandeur and gratefulness for such a sovereign."

S. FAUNCE.

"Have any of you ever thought of covering children's exercise books with brown paper, then painting flowers on them in white? I find that the children take very much more care of such books, especially if they have chosen the flowers themselves. Snowdrops and crocuses are very easy to do with blobs, and they look very well. Exercise books are generally so ugly."

M. L. S.